

The Cheerful Letter

EVERY PLACE A CHURCH; EVERY DAY THE LORD'S DAY; ALL EVENTS BLESSINGS; ALL JOY
THANKSGIVING; AND ALL NATURE AND LIFE FULL OF GOD.—*James Freeman Clarke.*

VOL. XIII.

BOSTON, FEBRUARY, 1905.

No. 9

THE CHEERFUL LETTER.

MONTHLY: 50 cents a year. Single copy, 5 cents.

Entered at the Boston, Mass., post-office as second-class mail matter, Nov. 14, 1892.

GEO. H. ELLIS CO., PRINTERS, 272 CONGRESS ST., BOSTON.

CONTENTS OF NO. 9.

"ALL THY DAYS"	101
THE DIVINE ELEMENT IN HUMAN NATURE	101
THE STILL HOUR	102
THE BOOK AND MAGAZINE CLUB	102
THE MOTHERS' COUNCIL: JUNO AND THE VERY BAD BOY	105
BIOGRAPHY: "THE GOOD LORD SHAFTESBURY"	106
NATURAL HISTORY: CATS AND THEIR AFFECTIONS	108
LETTERS OF A SISTER: SARAH FREEMAN CLARKE	109
THE AMUSEMENT COLUMN	110
MONTHLY REPORT	111
IMPORTANT NOTICES	112

"ALL THY DAYS."

When the day is high and clear,
Labor—for the night is near.
When the evening shadows fall,
Rest—God watches over all.
When the mornings on us shine,
Bend to hear the voice divine;
Hear the Lord with heart of praise:
"I am with you all the days,"—

"All the days" thy strength to be,
"All the days" to comfort thee,
Lead thee on, and lift thee up,
Bear thy burden, share thy cup;
"All the days" to bless thine eyes
With some glad and sweet surprise;
"All the days" from morn till even,
"All the days" of earth and heaven.

—*Silver Cross.*

THE DIVINE ELEMENT IN HUMAN NATURE.

When Jesus taught his disciples to call God "Our Father," did he not clothe the Divine Spirit with human characteristics? And, when he said that the men and women about him were the Father's children, did he not announce the kinship of the soul to God,—that it came from God and possessed divine qualities? And, when we speak of Jesus as divine we do not mean to set him

over against humanity as a supernatural being, but to express our belief in the spiritual quality of the soul and its filial relationship to God as illustrated in the character of the great Teacher. He is to them the representative man,—the ideal man, the highest type of what man is by nature, and what he is capable of becoming through religious culture and development.

Now, if God is in nature, as modern science is teaching us to believe; if the divine life pervades all life; if, as Emerson says,—

"The wood and wave each other know,
Not unrelated, unaffied,
But to each thought and thing allied,
Is perfect Nature's every part,
Rooted in the mighty Heart,"—

then all things in nature have a divine element, and the human soul, being the highest of all natural things, is the divinest of all, is most like God, and best reveals the nature of God.

Now, according to this theory, all human souls have a spiritual element, inherited from the heavenly Father, that unites them to the household of God as his heirs,—"heirs of God and fellow-heirs with Christ."

The belief that man was made in the image of God is as old as religion, and one which has never been denied by teachers of any school of Christian theology. Now the element in human nature which makes it an image or picture of God is not the outward form, since God is Spirit. But this image may be seen in the ideal quality of the soul,—the very quality that shone so brightly in the character of Jesus as to incite Saint Paul to shout, "In him dwelt all the fulness of the Godhead!" The apostle and his associates, however, would never have discovered the divine element in Jesus if they had not first felt it in themselves. They interpreted his spiritual attainment by the possibilities of their own souls. They saw in his perfect sonship the highest development of those God-like qualities which constitute our com-

mon human nature. If the Spirit is above all things and through all things as life and power and law, it is also in the soul as aspiration for ideal goodness, longing for truth and harmony, desire for nobleness of character. Thus, while the Christ stands out above all others as chief and leader,—the first-born of a new order of manhood,—yet all mankind belong to the family of God, each member partaking of the divine nature according to its individual capacity and development.

When we look into our own spiritual nature, we find the key to the nature of Jesus. Then, when we have unlocked the door of his soul and looked in upon its heavenly truth and beauty, we have a vision of the Father who dwells in every human heart. Jesus felt that God had sent him here to teach the world a new way of life, and that the Spirit was in his heart as love, on his lips as truth, round about him as power. And then he tried to make all others believe that this was no special endowment of his, as the Christ, but a law of human nature, and capable of universal application.

Thus the divine element in human nature is made real to us in the life of Jesus. When somebody asked him to show them the Father, he answered, "I am in the Father, and the Father in me." This perfect confidence of his makes us sure that the life and love, the truth and power of God, are ever more coming down around us as heavenly influences, and welling up within us as spiritual energy; and that, if we live the Christ-life of devotion to duty and self-sacrificing love, we shall become conscious of our kinship to God and learn how to represent our Father in the work of the world.

Then let us strenuously assert our right to the divine lineage, claim our inheritance as "heirs of God and fellow-heirs with Christ," and strive earnestly to live in the consciousness of this relationship to the heavenly Father.—*Alexander T. Bowser.*

THE STILL HOUR.

"How shall I a habit break?"
As you did that habit make.
As you gathered, you must lose;
As you yielded, now refuse.
Thread by thread the strands we twist
Till they bind us, neck and wrist;
Thread by thread the patient hand
Must untwine, ere free we stand.
As we builded, stone by stone,

We must toil, unhelped, alone,
Till the wall is overthrown.

But remember, as we try,
Lighter every test goes by;
Wading in, the stream grows deep
Toward the centre's downward sweep;
Backward turn, each step ashore
Shallower is than that before.
Ah, the precious years we waste,
Levelling what we raised in haste,
Doing what must be undone
Ere content or love be won!
First across the gulf we cast
Kite-borne threads till lines are passed,
And habit builds the bridge at last!

—*Wide Awake.*

The kingdom of heaven is at hand just where we are. It is just as near as our work is, for the gate of heaven for each soul lies in the endeavor to do that work perfectly.—*W. C. Gannett.*

Why dost thou fear to be wronged? It can at the worst kill thee. Who is born to live forever? Consent to be wronged, be silent under every injury. But of one thing be sure: do the fullest, the most scrupulous justice to all men, and chiefly to those who have wronged you.—*Mozoomdar.*

O God who art the truth, make me one with thee in everlasting love! I am often weary of reading and weary of hearing. In thee alone is the sum of my desire! Let all teachers be silent, let the whole creation be dumb before thee, and do thou only speak to my soul!—*Thomas à Kempis.*

Whoever truly loves one of God's children must feel his heart going out in God-like tenderness toward all the rest. In all souls he recognizes the kindred of the one soul that has been to him the fullest expression of humanity and of God. He who really loves has tasted of immortality.—*Lucy Larcom.*

THE BOOK AND MAGAZINE CLUB.

[Send all offers and requests for this department to Mrs. W. B. Nichols, 2 Kensington Park, Roxbury, Mass.]

OFFERS.

Will any mother who would like to have "Black Beauty," address Miss Langmaid, 71 Newbury Street, Boston, Mass.?

The Cambridge Branch offers the following books. Address Miss M. A. Vinal, 20 Lowell Street, Cambridge, Mass.

Juvenile.

"Red Letter Stories," "Susie's Opinions," "Helping Himself," "Farrell's Folly," "Who saved the Ship?" "A Domfield Summer," "The Balastier Boys," "Zigzags in the Great North-west," "The Knockabout Club in North Africa," "The Bee People," "Betty Leicester's Christmas," "Riverside Museum," "Cruises with Captain Bob," "The Jolly Rover," "Tony the Hero," "Under Foot," "Zigzags in the Levant."

Miscellaneous.

"In Kedar's Tent," "Prisoners and Captives," Merriman; Gray's "Elegy" (illustrated); "John Marmaduke"; "Romantic Tales"; "With the Procession"; "The Maid of Maiden Lane," Mrs. Barr; "Citizen and Neighbor," Dole; "The Wooing of Grandmother Gray"; "Gleanings from the History of Music; "His Mother's Portrait"; "Home Life," J. F. W. Ware; "Story of Our Country"; "Strange Adventures of a Phaeton," Black; "The Sign of Four," Doyle; "New Gymnastics"; "Tales of a Wayside Inn," Longfellow; "The Life and Letters of Frances, Baroness Bunsen," A. J. C. Hare; Rogers's "Poems"; Mrs. Jameson's "Italian Painters"; "Legends and Lyrics," Procter; "Compendium of English Literature," Cleveland; "The Poets of America"; "Memoir of the Life of Ary Scheffer"; "Spain and its People"; "Personal Recollections," M. Somerville; "John Ward, Preacher," M. Deland.

REQUESTS.

Those who write to us for the first time must send the name and address of a minister as a reference. Without that the request will not be printed.

1. Again I come, thanking you for past kindness and asking for more. Will some one kindly send me the *Delineator* or *McCall's Magazine* and "Mother Goose's Rhymes," or books with pictures of animals in it for my two-year-old boy, also a copy of Jean Ingelow's "Poems"? I am always thankful for any reading, and others enjoy it as well. Rosa Benson, Mingus, Texas.

2. Miss Della Thompson, Amity, Oregon, will be very glad of any books or magazines for distribution.

3. Something over a year ago I wrote, asking for books, papers, and magazines, and now I write, telling you how delighted I have been with the books and papers sent

me. We have received so many nice papers and magazines. Some one has sent me *The Cheerful Letter* for a year. I have enjoyed it so much! I wish to thank you and every one who has sent me any reading. I have written, thanking all who have sent their name; but there have been several papers sent without the sender's name. So I thank all through this letter. Mrs. Eddie V. Pool, Hagerman, New Mexico.

4. I would be glad to become a member of the Cheerful Letter Exchange. I am a farmer's wife, fifty-four years old. My children are all gone but two little boys, and I am very lonely. I live far from any town or railroad, and would be pleased to get good reading of any description. Kindly remember a lonely old woman. Bettie A. Shortt, Elamsville, Patrick County, Virginia.

5. Mrs. A. J. McQueen, Rowland, North Carolina, asks for *Youth's Companion* beginning May, 1904, and copies of the *Nation* or *Christian Missionary Alliance*. She is fairly craving a good story book. Will return it or pass it on as is thought best.

6. I have been trying all the last summer and fall to get books for a Sunday-school library, and haven't been very successful. A copy of *The Cheerful Letter* accidentally fell into my hands a few days ago, and I notice that you have books to give. Anything you would send me for my little Sunday-school library will be highly appreciated, and, I trust, do much good. I refer you to Rev. A. L. Stanford, Leaksville, North Carolina. Especially do I want something suitable for children from ten to fifteen. (Miss) Maggie Taylor, Boone, North Carolina, R. F. D. No. 1.

7. Mr. John Furgesson, Blackstone, North Carolina, asks for any magazines.

8. Mrs. C. C. Smith, Forestburg, Texas, will be glad of suitable reading for her boy, eight years of age.

9. I am a minister just starting out in life, and need aid in the way of books. Anything in the line of books will be a great help to me. I am especially interested in religious and historical books. W. R. Davis, Locust, North Carolina.

10. I will be so thankful if the kind Cheerful Letter friends will send me a dictionary

and American history and a "Fifth Reader," and also any other good literature. I am depended upon to make my own living by hard labor, and am not able to buy the reading that I would like so much to receive. So I hope to hear from you. Miss Mary Merridith, Charity, Virginia.

11. I have just had the pleasure of becoming a member of the society, and now I should be so glad to receive some reading matter. I have no access at all to any library, and I am very fond of reading. I shall gladly pass on to others what is sent to me. I should be particularly glad of copies of *Munsey's*, *Metropolitan*, *Cosmopolitan*, or any of the popular magazines, and of any of the newer books of which we hear so much and seldom see. (Miss) Flossie P. Merryman, Rustburg, Virginia.

12. Chase Thomas, Amity, Oregon, will be glad of any books or magazines.

13. I have to-day received a copy of your *Cheerful Letter*, and it seems almost too good to be true, that there are people willing to share their abundance of literature with those so sorely in need of it. We live in the short grass country of Western Kansas, eight miles from a post-office and with but few neighbors. I have six children, the oldest of them not yet ten, and school is two and one-half miles away, and, though not an invalid I am glad to say, yet I am almost a shut-in as regards social life. I have not been to church for over a year, as there is none near us, and am not able to buy much reading. So you can see what a splendid thing your offer means to me. My oldest girl, an eager reader of everything to be found, will be glad of any books of Rosa N. Cary's or other interesting Christian books, and it is the dream of her life to obtain a Wood's "Natural History" (large size). And the little ones would be glad of any colored picture-books, and for myself any books or magazines would be most gratefully received. I fear you will think me greedy, but perhaps you will understand when I tell you that I have neighbors living a mile or two away that *I have not seen for five years*. Mrs. Nanna Gordon, Lenora, Kansas.

14. Mrs. E. V. Jenkins, Parkerville, Georgia, will be thankful for "Natural Philosophy," "Physiology and Hygiene," and Ray's "New Intellectual Arithmetic"

15. Mrs. M. H. Null, Myrtle, Nebraska, living on a lonely ranch, asks for "History of Greece" for her sons, and any general reading.

16. *Dear Madam*,—I have received a great deal of aid through *The Cheerful Letter* friends, and I feel that in a great measure I owe what education I have to the aid and encouragement received from them. I know I have read a great many books that I never would have seen had it not been for them. I write now to ask if there is not some one who takes the *Outlook* or some other good magazine, who would not mind sending it to a needy school-boy after reading it? I would be very grateful to receive it. With many thanks for past favors, I remain, very respectfully, Ernest S. Hendren, Boonville, North Carolina.

17. George D. Utler, Amity, Oregon, will be glad of any reading.

18. Mr. W. S. Fuller, McMinnville, Oregon, will appreciate any reading.

19. *Dear Cheerful Letter Friends*,—I have much to thank you for in the way of reading matter and letters. I hope you will not forget me away out here in North-west Arkansas and among strangers. I would like very much to have *The Cheerful Letter* come in my home for 1905. I would be pleased to get any of your spare books or magazines. I would be glad of some copies of the *Youth's Companion*,—in fact almost any kind of reading would be enjoyed and passed on when read, as the long winter evenings are coming, and we want something to pass off the time. My address was formerly Centre Hill, White County, Arkansas, but is now Harrison, Boon County, Arkansas. Thanking all who in the past have sent me reading, Mrs. Elizabeth F. Low, Harrison, Boon County, Arkansas.

20. Mrs. Mary L. Brown, Nettle Ridge, Virginia, will be very glad to receive an arithmetic and "First Lessons in Geometry" for her daughter.

21. John B. Moore, Mt. Pleasant, North Carolina, asks for "History of Greece" and "Sketches of the War with Mexico."

22. Mrs. R. C. Duvall, Locust Grove, Virginia, has six children in school, and, finding it hard to supply books, asks for Johnson's "Fourth Reader," Webster's Dic-

tionary, natural philosophy, and English Grammar.

23. Mr. Otto Gates, Fort Sill, Oklahoma, will be glad of any reading.

24. Mr. L. Benton, Finlay, Texas, asks for magazines.

THE MOTHERS' COUNCIL.

JUNO AND THE VERY BAD BOY.

(Continued.)

In the mean while, as time passed on, Dick seemed to be growing worse and worse, and to take a position of more and more decided opposition to Juno's school. The next Sunday after Juno's conversation with Miss Osborne he waylaid the scholars as usual, and tried to entice them away from the school. Then, after the school began, he came into Pompey's yard and endeavored to interrupt the exercises by making strange noises outside, in order to attract the attention of the children. At last, about the middle of the reading lesson, the children all began suddenly to look toward the window and laugh; and Juno, on looking round, saw Dick's face there outside, his nose flattened against the glass, and his features twisted into most horrible contortions.

The instant after Juno caught a view of the face it suddenly disappeared.

She watched during several days for an opportunity to speak to Dick in the street, or near his house, but without success. Whenever Dick saw her coming, he invariably ran away out of sight before she came near.

At length one day, in turning a corner, she came upon Dick so unexpectedly that he did not have time to run. He stopped, however, suddenly, and began to fall back, all ready apparently to set off in an instant in case he should see any indication of hostile intentions against him on the part of Juno.

Juno, in order not to increase his alarm, at once slackened her pace and advanced very slowly.

"Dick," said she, "is that you?"

"Yes," replied Dick, scowling, "and you let me alone."

He continued to retreat, walking backward and watching every movement made by Juno with a look half of fear and half of defiance.

"I want to find a boy about as big as you

to do something for me," said Juno. "If you will do it, I'll give you two cents."*

So unexpected a turn as this to the conversation quite bewildered Dick for a moment. He stared, looked surprised, and seemed not to know what to say. Suspicion and fear, however, triumphed in his mind, and after a moment's pause he said, with a sort of ghastly grin on his face, while he went on backwards as fast as Juno advanced:—

"Eh-h-h, I know what you want! You want to catch me."

"To catch you!" said Juno. "No, indeed. There is no reason why I should want to catch you. Don't you remember the day I showed you and Oliver the fish-hooks? If I had wished to catch you, I should have done it then."

The recollection of the fish-hooks and of the friendly interview which he and Oliver had had with Juno on that occasion seemed to exert a favorable influence upon Dick's mind; for he now stopped, though he still looked upon Juno very suspiciously, as she advanced, and asked her what she wanted him to do for her.

"I want you to go into the woods," said Juno, "and help me get some moss. But you will have to wade in the brook to get it. You can wade, can't you?"

"Yes, indeed," said Dick, proudly. "I can wade up to my neck if you want me to."

"Oh, no!" rejoined Juno, "not so deep as that. You would not have to wade more than up to your knees. You see the moss grows on the steep bank of the brook where I can't reach it, and I thought, if I could get a pretty large boy like you to roll up his trousers and wade in the water, he could strip it off for me very easily."

"Well," said Dick, "I'll go. And it is no matter about any pay. I'll do it for nothing. I'd just as lief wade in the water as not."

"That is very generous in you," said Juno, "to offer to do it for nothing; but I would rather pay the two cents."

Juno was very glad indeed to hear Dick say he would help her without pay, for it showed that her plan had succeeded. She had contrived to entice him into a good state of feeling, and one which she could honestly commend. The truth is that there was in Dick's heart, as there is in that of all boys, however bad they may seem, a vein of

*Two cents in the early years of the last century were a more important item in the finances of a New England country boy than they would be at this period.

kindness and good will, and Juno had struck it.

So it was agreed that Dick should go with Juno and help her gather the moss. The time appointed was five o'clock that afternoon. Juno was to bring a basket to contain the moss when it was gathered and was to meet Dick at a certain corner near the village.

Dick was, true to his appointment, at the corner that afternoon; and he and Juno proceeded together to the woods. On the way Juno explained to Dick what she wanted the moss for. He was quite interested in the account which she gave him of her plans. He was for a time somewhat shy in the conversation, expecting, as he did, every moment, that Juno would begin to talk to him about his misdeeds. But, finding that she showed no disposition to introduce any disagreeable topics of discourse, he gradually began to feel more at his ease.

When they got into the woods and arrived at the place in the brook where the mossy banks were, Dick rolled up his trousers and waded into the water. There he very soon peeled off enough of the moss to fill Juno's basket heaping full.

Juno then paid him his two cents.

"Thank you," said Dick. "But you need not have given me any pay."

"Oh, yes," said Juno. "You have earned it. You have done the work very well indeed. You have done me more than two cents' worth of good."

"And how are you going to get your sand?" asked Dick.

"I am going down to the river for it to-morrow," said Juno. "There is better sand there than there is here in the brook. I can get the sand myself, without any help, because there is no wading to be done."

"Let me go with you," said Dick.

Juno said she would be very glad to have Dick go with her, and so a new appointment was made for the next day.

To make a long story short, Juno and Dick after this became the best friends in the world. Dick found, on trial, that it was a great deal better and more agreeable for him to be on good terms with Juno, and have her like him and praise him, than for him to hate her and try to do her harm. The very next Sunday he came to the Sunday-school. Juno never made any allusion to his past misconduct, but acted in all respects just as if she had never known anything of him before the day on which he

went with her to help gather the moss. It is true that as a scholar he made her often a good deal of trouble. He was so rough a boy, and his manners and habits were so uncouth, that he was continually doing something or other that was wrong or disorderly. But Juno never lost her influence over him, and by dint of patience and forbearance, and by just and discriminating encouragement, she gradually made him a good boy.

Generally, when the children received apples as rewards, they began to eat them at once, on their way home. Juno observed that Dick, after having received two or three of them, ceased to eat them any more when they were given him, but put them in his pocket. At length, after the lapse of about four or five weeks, as Juno was coming out of the school-room one day, her scholars having nearly all gone down before her, Dick seemed to be lingering behind at the top of the stairs. As soon as Juno came out at the school-room door, he pointed to the box under the eaves, where Juno had kept her apples, and said,—

"Look in your box."

He then immediately hurried downstairs.

Juno went and looked in the box, and there she found just the same number of apples as had been stolen from her so many weeks before, safely deposited there. She shut down the lid again immediately and went downstairs, expecting to find Dick at the door, and intending to express to him the pleasure it gave her to find that he had been disposed, of his own accord, to make such a restitution. But Dick was not to be seen. The other children were walking along together very quietly, but no Dick among them. At length, on looking far forward along the road, she saw Dick running away as fast as he could.—*Jacob Abbott.*

THE EARL OF SHAFTESBURY.

(Continued.)

On the 5th of February Sir James Graham introduced into the House of Commons his promised Bill for the Regulation of Labor in Factories. It contained no education clauses, but provided that children should be allowed time in which to receive education. The further objects of the bill were to insure that the working time for children should be reduced to eight hours, and for persons above the age of thirteen to twelve hours a day. The definition of a "child"

was extended to mean children between nine and thirteen; that of "young persons" remained as heretofore,—namely, from thirteen to eighteen.

"I propose," he said, "that such young persons shall not be employed in any silk, cotton, wool, or flax manufactory for any portion of the twenty-four hours longer than from half-past five o'clock in the morning till seven o'clock in the evening in summer, and from half-past six o'clock in the morning till eight in the evening in winter, thus making thirteen hours and a half each day, of which one hour and a half is to be set apart for meals and rest, so that their actual labor will be limited to twelve hours."

This was exactly what Lord Ashley did not want. His contention was that the hours should be limited to ten, and on that issue he would fight the battle to the end. On the 12th of February the bill was read a second time, and ordered to be committed.

Then went forth the rallying-cry of "Ten Hours and No Surrender!" and it echoed through the length and breadth of the land. The greatest enthusiasm prevailed. Meetings were held, pamphlets were scattered broadcast, and all the paraphernalia of agitation was set in motion with a vigor that had never been known before. Twelve delegates were despatched to London to assist Lord Ashley in his labors, and nobly they worked. London and Westminster were divided into districts, and every member of Parliament in these districts was canvassed, the working of the factory system explained, and its evils exposed.

One of the points which had often been called in question was the actual distance traversed by children in the course of their daily work. Lord Ashley had stated that it sometimes—nay, often—happened that they had to walk or trot from twenty-five to thirty miles a day,—a statement that had been characterized as a "gross exaggeration" and altogether incredible.

An amusing incident in connection with this controversy is recorded by Mr. Philip Grant.* Two of the delegates—Mr. Haworth and Mr. Philip Grant—made a call in Carlton Gardens where Lord Palmerston was then living, and were denied an interview by the footman. The carriage was standing at the door, and Lady Palmerston was promenading on the balcony. It was evident, therefore, that their visit was most inopportune; but, as they might have no

other opportunity of an interview before the division, they continued to urge the importance of their mission. "Whilst the altercation was going on, Lord Palmerston happened to be passing from his dressing-room to the dining-room, and, seeing the two at the door, inquired who and what they were. The servant at once handed him their cards, and returned smiling, bringing with him glad news, 'His lordship will see you.' They were at once ushered into the large dining-room, at that time so much famed for the evening parties of Lady Palmerston and the munificent dinners given by his lordship. They found the member for Tiverton in excellent temper, dressed like a youth of eighteen and as lively as a cricket. Without ceremony the subject was entered into, detailing some of the hardships to which the factory children were subject. The statements at first appeared to puzzle the noble viscount, and after a short pause he said, 'Oh, the work of the children cannot be so hard as you represent it, as I am led to understand the machinery does all the work without the aid of the children, attention to the spindles only being required.' To carry conviction to a mind so strongly impressed with the ease and comfort of factory labor for a moment staggered the deputation, when a lucky expedient occurred to the writer, who, seeing a couple of large lounging-chairs upon castors, brought them to the rescue. Placing them in the centre of the large room, they were made to perform the operation of the 'spinning-mule,' Mr. Haworth being placed, as it were, at the 'wheel handle,' and with arm and knee pushing them back to their destination, or to what is technically called 'the roller beam,' whilst the writer performed the duties of the piecer, trotting from one side of the room to the other, following up the carriage, leaning over the imaginary advancing 'faller' and picking up the supposed broken ends. To complete the explanation of the mule, and to show the part the engine performed, they were about to explain by what power the carriage was caused to advance slowly whilst the 'stretch' was being made and the yarn twisted. The noble lord at once caught the idea, and, ringing the bell, the footman was ordered into the room and directed to run up one of the chairs slowly to its appointed place (or what is called the end of the stretch), whilst the noble lord, catching hold of the other chair, performed a similar office. Thus the imaginary spinning and piecing were carried on for several

*Grant's History of Factory Legislation.

minutes. Lady Palmerston, who by this time had become impatient for her drive before dinner, entered the room, and appeared no little surprised to see her banquetting room turned into a spinning factory. Her ladyship, however, seemed to enjoy the illustration, and remarked good-humoredly, 'I am glad to see your lordship has betaken yourself to work at last.' The veteran statesman, who appeared a little fatigued by performing the duties of 'Old Ned' (the engine), with a significant look and shrug of the shoulders, said, 'Surely, this must be an exaggeration of the labor of factory workers.' Mr. Haworth, who had come fresh from the wheel handle in Bolton, and bearing indelible marks of the severity of his daily toil, exhibited the large 'segs' upon his hands, at the same time, pulling up his trousers, he said, 'Look at my knee, my lord,' and pointed to the hard substance produced by 'pulling up the carriage.' The victory over the mind of the great statesman appeared to be complete. The illustration given had deeply impressed his mind; and he exclaimed heartily, 'If what you have shown me, and what you have stated, be a fair illustration of the labor of factory people, and the statements you have made be a fair detail of the hardships to which they are subject, I can no longer withhold my support from your cause, nor can I resist the belief that the children, as stated by Lord Ashley, have to walk or trot twenty-five to thirty miles a day. I will, however, speak with Lord Ashley on these points; and, if your story be even half corroborated by him, you may rely on my support.' "

The statements were fully corroborated, and the support of Lord Palmerston was henceforth never wanting on behalf of factory children.—*From Life of the Earl of Shaftesbury, by Hodder.*

NATURAL HISTORY.

CATS AND THEIR AFFECTIONS.

(Continued.)

The only sign of intelligence which Princess gave, beyond two other cats I have known, was a sort of intentness in looking at inanimate objects, which her species habitually disregard or ignore. Like the rest of them, she was exceedingly inquisitive: no new bit of furniture or carpet, no household article, escapes their notice and investigation. Every box, basket, or bundle which

comes to the house is a subject of examination, and they sometimes untie the knots with their claws. I have seen them proceed to pull off the paper. Princess always knew if the carrier's wagon brought a package, and was on the alert to see it opened. Once there came a box containing a small bronze group of two greyhounds playing with a ball, by the French sculptor Mene. The dogs were half a foot high, the ball was not larger than a small gooseberry. I set it on the table. Princess looked at it for a moment, and then struck at the ball as she did at her own woollen one. On another occasion she was in my lap, and I was looking at a number of *Punch*. The cartoon was of two politicians playing at pole. As I was trying to identify them, the cat sat up, fixed her eyes intently on the page, and then struck twice at the ball in the woodcut. Her action was so exactly the same as when playing with her ball, her paw slightly curved, that there could be no doubt of her intention. A long looking-glass in my room was a source of great excitement and perplexity to her in her early days and to all successive kittens. They would make every advance and approach for play, fight, or caress, and slyly endeavor to steal a march in the rear or flank of the elusive apparition, some of them persevering for weeks and even months. They ended by giving it up as too much for them; but Princess evidently came to the conclusion that it was her reflection, and not infrequently went to look at herself both in that glass and a drawing-room mirror, which she had to jump to reach, glancing for a moment and then going away.

Princess was exceptionally neat, even for a cat. She washed herself half a dozen times a day and kept herself spotlessly white, and washed her kittens until they rebelled. After licking them all over with the utmost care, no sooner had she finished the last of the litter than she would seize the first and begin again with a fervor which belonged to her temperament, while the aggrieved kits, looking like swansdown puffs, would kick, box, and bite in vain. Notwithstanding her cleanliness, I washed her regularly every three or four weeks, and oftener in summer, as otherwise she suffered terribly from fleas; and I learned from a gentleman, who was a noted cat and dog fancier, that white cats of every breed, from some cause,—possibly delicacy of skin,—are much more troubled by them than common ones. There is a general belief that cats cannot be washed; but

I wash all mine, even those which are full grown when they come to me. Beginning with kittens a month or two old, they soon become used to it, though they never learn to like it, hiding as soon as they suspect that a bath is the order of the day; but they exhibit an ecstasy of comfort and well-being when the washing is over. The kittens sometimes bite and scratch when washed; the cats, in my experience, with one exception, never. That exception, Czarina,—of whom more hereafter,—was excessively ticklish, and could not endure to be touched on the hind legs, feet, ribs, or spine below the shoulder. She disliked being washed more than the others, but submitted well enough until it came to drying and combing her hindquarters, when she would resist unto blood. Yet this very cat, if her fur became soiled, would follow or conduct me to the bath-room, and jump on the table at which her ablutions were performed, purring and rubbing herself against me and the instruments of torture while I was making ready, although she would spit and scratch during the process. I have repeatedly seen her and several other cats test whether there was water in a bowl or pitcher by putting a paw in,* if the vessel were too deep or narrow to ascertain with the head, so that the hatred of the element cannot be so inveterate as is supposed.

Princess never strove with human beings in any way, which was partly due to intelligence and partly to a sort of native dignity. She disliked extremely to be picked up, even by her master and mistress, though much addicted to getting into their laps; but she never kicked or struggled even if taken up by a stranger, as most pet animals do: she remained passive, with a look of annoyance until released. This pride and self-control were marked characteristics, and entered into both her good and bad qualities. Among these was a very ill-temper which she kept under command often in trying circumstances. Occasionally, when particularly out of humor, she would box the ears of the other cats when they were peaceably eating their dinner from the same large platter with her. If she carried this too far, and drove them away, I would scold her and put her on a chair, telling her not to leave it until they had finished, and she invariably obeyed. I have left the room and come back in ten minutes to find her sitting where I had left her with an expression of sullen scorn.

* My pussy does this.—Editor.

When the others finished and left the plate, she generally jumped down and ran to it, and by the time she had finished was in a good humor again; but now and then the grievance rankled, and, instead of getting down, she would go to a window-sill and stare out as if to say she did not care if she never tasted food again, and would require to be petted before she would eat.—Mrs. S. B. Wister, in *Temple Bar*.

LETTERS OF A SISTER.

To her Brother, James Freeman Clarke.

THURSDAY, Jan. 22, 1835.

My dear James,—... I wish I had been with you this winter instead of here: I am sure my time would not have been so wasted as it has been. It is almost a blank, or rather a page marked over with small crosses.

I had a letter from Margaret the other day. What does she mean by saying that you will not pass your days in Louisville? I suppose you will not; but what authorized her to say so?

While I think of it, let me tell you that, if the Transylvania University is ambitious of obtaining such a man as Dr. Follen to embellish its professorship, let it give him a call: I think it would be accepted. More I cannot say but that I wish it might take place, and why is an enigma that I will explain when I see you.

By the way, talking of Germans, I went to see Mrs. — the other day. She is a sweet, pretty creature and has, as William says, a mind *jeté dans le même moule* as Mr. G. She speaks rapidly as one under the influence of strong excitement, and is evidently full of the thoughts of her husband. I think he is probably very happy at present, but I fear the pressure of external circumstances will be overpowering by and by. Judge from this; he says he could easily make two thousand dollars a year if he chose to do so, but he will not try. Providence will always give him as much as he deserves, and more he does not wish for. And his wife is one who would be likely to think and say the same. She is too much like him.

The other evening, when the mercury was seven degrees below zero, I walked to Charlestown to hear Mr. Walker preach, and considered myself quite repaid, and did not suffer with the cold. I have offered my services as Sunday-school teacher at two schools, though I have never yet officiated

at either. I was impelled to do so at Waterston's Sunday-school, and the next Sunday Mr. Greenwood is to have one at his church, so I could do no less than offer there, too. At the other I am to assist Miss Peabody in the care of her class.

Do you see the *Observer*, Mr. Ripley's new Unitarian paper? There are there some Sunday-school lessons by E. P. that you may like. Perhaps you will not.

But to return to the poetry: it is excellent, is full of qualities. Go on, and write more for me. But those which are so personal ought to stay in your Bramah locked book.

FEBRUARY 5th, 1835.

My dear James,—I have just returned from hearing a lecture from Mr. Emerson on the character and genius of Michel Angelo. I wish you could have heard it: it is the second of a series before the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge. Useful in a wide sense is the knowledge Mr. Emerson imparts. He took the high and just view of Michel Angelo. The heroic soul which spoke *to the soul*, disdaining to please the eye, the long life of diligent, untiring, faithful toil, searching to disclose the features of immortal beauty, through his long life doing nothing common, meaning nothing common, were the points he brought out and dwelt upon; and at last he spoke of standing by his tomb and reading the inscription with a thrill of awe and "creeping flesh," though he had felt no such emotions when he passed the tombs of Galileo, Alfieri, and Niccolo Machiavelli, to reach that of Michel Angelo in this Church of Santa Croce. I have scarcely ever been more strongly affected by a dramatic scene. It was a sense of the sublime. His voice is so singularly expressive and his tone so earnest and serious, so manly and independent, though that is not exactly the word: if there is a word which expresses faith in his own convictions, that is what I mean. I was glad for Boston when I saw this attentive and delighted audience, and remembered how patiently it had listened to Mr —'s no-meanings,—words, words, words,—to see that they were fit to be so talked to. He has delivered a whole set of lectures, and I do not believe any hearer could tell what they were about; and he finished by alluding to his public life, the ingratitude with which he had been treated, and concluded with comparing himself to Lord Bacon! Some people thought he might be a congenial *spirit*, if not a congenial mind.

It was announced last week that Mr. Emerson was engaged to be married to Miss Maria Jackson, of Plymouth, a regular enthusiast, an adorer of Carlyle and Goethe (a sister of Dr. Charles Jackson who married Susan Bridge). This is true.

Your defence of Carlyle is going the rounds of the literary coteries. I lent it to Isaac M. to read, and it had nearly got into the *Pearl*, where it would have sunk amid the froth to rise no more. Adroitly I rescued it from this fate, and I think it will be better to lend it round to enlightened people who will esteem it more highly, enlightened though they be, for not being printed. Mr. Fraser came along to borrow it the other day, having heard the rumor of it. As for —, it is amusing to see with what principles he sets out to minister mental food. I should suppose, from the conversations I have had with him, that the idea of correcting or improving public opinion by feeding it with truth alone would be as new to him as it would be to some of his relations. The lowest, the most servile conformity to custom and fashion is his only rule. I am very sorry that I gave him anything of yours since I have found out this. I wish you had said no at once: it would have been easier for you than for me.

Mr. Thayer is coming here in a few minutes to take this letter to you. He goes to-night. Mother's long and important letter to you is not yet finished. She is still sick, and I fear will be till warm weather. I received your letters by Mr. Lowe, Mr. Thayer, and Mr. Danforth.

THE AMUSEMENT COLUMN

[Address everything relating to the Amusement Column to Miss Kate L. Watson, Post-office Box 57, Worcester, Mass. Contributors are requested to write on one side of the paper only. Write name and address *plainly* (not necessarily for publication), and send the answers to the puzzles on a separate slip of paper.]

A correspondent asks for amusements that can be enjoyed by an invalid confined to a wheel-chair. The Amusement Column, like the rest of *The Cheerful Letter*, is designed for shut-ins and lonely people. There are many games which can be played sitting in a chair. If the invalid is necessarily left alone a good deal, we would recommend one of the folding lap-boards used by dressmakers,

which can be adapted to a wheel-chair and laid aside when not in use. A solitaire board is often a great deal of company. There are games of patience or solitaire with cards, which are described in books devoted to the subject.

With a little ingenuity solitaire games of dominos might be invented. A box of mixed alphabets will furnish a variety of games. I know an invalid who amuses herself for hours by making anagrams: some of her best have appeared in *The Cheerful Letter*, and others will. She says, "It is great fun; for I never know when I start to make one what I shall find in the word, or whether there is one in it or not."

Take the letters of any familiar word, and give them to another person to make the word from, or let her take a word and see how many other words she can make from it, using any or all of the letters. Bear in mind that an amusement for an invalid should be a *recreation*, not calling for any great mental exertion and not too exciting.

"Pit" is an interesting game for the family, but some invalids complain that it is too noisy and makes them nervous.

Though it is against the rules of *The Cheerful Letter* to ask for anything except books, it is not against the rules to *give* anything else, and we would suggest that simple games like "Old Maid" or "Tiddledy Winks" might be very acceptable to families living in lonely places. Old games which the children are tired of might be utilized in this way, but it is better to have them fresh and new.

I.

OLD ENOUGH TO BE NEW.

Take eight blocks or counters (checkers are good for the purpose), and arrange them in a straight line, thus (suppose each number to be a block):—

1. 2. 3. 4. 5. 6. 7. 8.

Now pick up one, pass it over two of the others, and place it upon the third. Do this until they are arranged in four piles of two each.

II.

CONUNDRUMS.

1. What city is composed of $\frac{3}{4}$ of a chicken, $\frac{2}{3}$ of a cat, $\frac{1}{2}$ of a goat?
2. What time is it when the clock strikes thirteen?
3. A sailor accosted a priest, and asked, "Can you tell me, your reverence, the differ-

ence between a priest and a jackass?" "Very good," said the priest when he had given it up and heard the answer. "And now can you tell me the difference between a sailor and a jackass?" The sailor gave it up. What were the two answers?—*Selected.*

III.

CHARADES.

My first denotes a company.

My second shuns a company.

My third summons a company.

My whole amuses a company.

Selected.

Answers to Puzzles in January Number.

I. Children (chilled wren). Numbered (numb bird).

II. Viol.

III. Starch. Match. Clove. Tobacco. Broom. Hearth. Nail. Chair.

IV. 1. Warren wrote "Now and Then"; Bulwer wrote "Night and Morning"; Dickens wrote "All the Year Round."

(Warren, however, wrote the greater number of books, as he wrote "Ten Thousand a Year."—*Ed. Am. Col.*)

2. Dickens, Howitt, Burns (Dickens, how it burns!).

V. Variety is the spice of life.

MONTHLY REPORT.

The regular monthly meeting of the Cheerful Letter Exchange was held at 25 Beacon Street on Friday, January 6, 1905, at 10.30 A.M.

The secretary's report of the last meeting was omitted, owing to the absence of that officer. The treasurer's report was read and approved. The balance on hand January 1, 1905, was \$194.42.

Miss Brown, chairman of the Travelling Library Committee, reported for the month of December twelve libraries changed, three new libraries sent, and three names on the waiting list.

Miss Jenks, member of the Library Committee, reported that there are very few undesirable books on the lists of the various libraries. But there are many mediocre works of fiction which might be changed. A discussion followed on the kind of books to be placed in the libraries.

Twenty-four members were present, and eighteen secretaries reported, among the

number the secretary of the newly formed Sharon branch. Newton and Marlborough sent respectively fifteen and eighteen Christmas boxes and packages. Mrs. Hill sent 296 Christmas packages besides five hundred foreign post-cards.

Miss Jenks read a very interesting letter from a correspondent who is a trained nurse. She accompanied a physician twelve or fifteen miles over very rough roads to nurse a poor woman supposed to be fatally ill.

The meeting was adjourned at 11.55 o'clock.

FRANCES B. FISHER,
Assistant Secretary.

THE CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE.

OBJECTS.

1. To cheer and comfort the lonely and discouraged—not only invalids, but all who need cheer and comfort—by the interchange of letters and by gifts of books and periodicals.

2. To supply in some measure to young people in remote places the lack of schools, by gifts of school-books, letters, and, for those who desire it, correspondence classes on history, the natural sciences, and other interesting branches of study. If any desire to join such classes, they may send their names to our secretary.

3. Also to supply, to some extent, the lack of a church. One good sermon or sermon extract is printed in each number of the paper. These sermons are never doctrinal, but practical, and intended to cheer and comfort the sorrowful and aid in giving a vital religion without regard to sect or creed.

4. An important part of our mission is to mothers of young families, who feel the importance of their sacred charge and are anxious to learn all that can be known to make of their children good, upright, useful men and women,—good citizens of the country,—for which we must all work together if we would make it fulfil its mission among the nations of the world and to the races of mankind. We give books on subjects connected with the training of children, and our columns are open (in our "Mothers' Council") to all who have questions to ask or interesting suggestions to make on topics important to mothers.

TRAVELLING LIBRARIES.

The Travelling Libraries have now become an important part of Cheerful Letter work. In order that this department may be thoroughly organized and systematized, Miss Louise Brown, Box 91, South Framingham, Mass., has kindly consented to take it in charge. Will those interested in these libraries, and desiring information, kindly address Miss Brown as above?

Send requests for books and letters of thanks to the Book Club Secretary.

IMPORTANT NOTICES.

Givers of books are reminded that only books of an instructive or wholesome nature should be offered in the Book Club. Classics, educational works, and standard novels are always acceptable. Do not offer odd numbers of periodicals, but send them directly to one of the many stations where they are acceptable.

THE ATTENTION OF ALL READERS OF "THE CHEERFUL LETTER" IS CALLED TO THE FOLLOWING NOTICE:—

It is contrary to the rules of the Cheerful Letter Exchange to allow any one to make use of our paper by addressing letters, asking for money, clothing, or other articles, to those whose names are printed in the paper. This prohibition includes requests to borrow money and the offering of articles for sale. The name of any person who infringes this rule will be dropped from our list; and any one who receives a request of this description is desired by our Executive Committee to return no answer, but to enclose the letter at once to our secretary, Miss Langmaid.

DIRECTIONS.

EDITOR,—Miss L. Freeman Clarke, 91 Mt. Vernon Street, Boston, Mass.

SECRETARY OF CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE,—Miss Bertha Langmaid, 71 Newbury Street, Boston, Mass.

ASSISTANT SECRETARY,—Miss Frances B. Fisher, 491 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

SECRETARY OF BOOK CLUB OF CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE,—Mrs. W. B. Nichols, 2 Kensington Park, Roxbury, Mass.

TREASURER OF CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE,—Mrs. Charles T. Catlin, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass. Checks should be made payable to Mary Louise Catlin.

Subscriptions and renewals should be sent to the treasurer, also all changes of address and requests for discontinuance. The subscription is fifty cents a year. If subscribers do not receive the paper regularly, they are requested to notify Mrs. Catlin at once.

Those not able to subscribe for the paper, but desiring to receive it, may do so by writing to Mrs. Catlin, as above. Please give full name and address. Also send name of minister as reference. Some of our members take the paper in order to send it to those who are not able to subscribe for it.